

STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

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No. 5

Ever since the war fund campaign when we raised, about STOP CON- eight hundred of us, GRATULATIONS faculty and students together, the sum of five thousand dollars, averaging about eight dollars each, we have done little else as a student body, save congratulate ourselves on our patriotism and self sacrifice. We have knitted when we had the time,—we like to do it and it is the fashion; we have folded twenty-five thousand compresses, giving one morning to the work, after the faculty had spent days in organizing the work and cutting the gauze and this has added new ardor to our self congratulations.

Vassar girls have been running the Vassar farm for over a year and making a success of it, producing a good part of the food used at the college.

The Mount Holyoke farmerettes under the motto "She helps fight who helps a fighter fight" have created, from unused meadow lands, acres of corn, potatoes, beans and many winter vegetables, and from "knitters of gay

sweaters, many sturdy overalled workers who do not shrink from a caterpillar," These girls worked throughout the summer, hoeing, weeding, fertilizing and tending the crops to the accompaniment of debates on everything from chapel attendance to the solution of the Russian problem and quotations from everything from parodies to Noyes. And this is not an end of it; for they then preserved, pickled, dried and canned until the store rooms were packed full and they are now substituting for drafted men in a near-by farmer's dairy and are making plans for next year's crop.

This is only one example of what many colleges are doing,—doing on the initiative of the members of the student body and it is the girls who have gone to their beds physically weary and vitally interested in working out their part of the problem of national and world efficiency, who will have fellowship with the women of Belgium and France and with their own brothers, Fathers, and friends when they return from the fields of

more direct service and poignant suffering.

Each year it has been the custom of our college to publish **DR. GUDGER'S NEW BOOK** under the editorship of Mr. W. C. Smith, a bulletin which will aid in the education of all the people as well as the education of the college student. The Bulletin of September, 1917 is to a great majority of people the most interesting which has yet been issued. It represents the culmination of twelve years of study and experience by one of North Carolina's deepest and most far-sighted men, Eugene Willis Gudger, Ph. D. of Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Gudger, is a native of western North Carolina, but had had wide experience as a teacher in other states before taking up his work in the Normal College as the head of the Biological department. Always a student, he has made an especial study of the organization and teaching of an elementary course in Biology. "Beginning as a course strictly in preparation for domestic science, it has as the" author says in his preface, "while never getting away from that purpose widened its scope to include some of the fundamentals of hygiene and sanitation, and of the maintenance of soil fertility."

This little book is being, as it may be expressed, at present tested out as a text book for the students in Freshman Biology and is achieving wonderful success. This is not surprising however, since it is compiled from Dr. Gudger's notes on the course as he has given it for twelve years with the improvements that have been made with each giving.

It may be said that elementary

science courses all over the country are the most unsystematized in their subject matter and the most unscientific and haphazard in their teaching of any course that is offered. Good elementary text books are practically non-existent and the courses are necessarily given from the instructor's inadequate notes taken in his own frequently deficient college courses. This little book, attractively, yet not unscientifically written, will then prove a boon to the high school and college Freshman teacher who is earnestly seeking for his students, a text book which will systematize and make thoroughly scientific, his course in Elementary Household Biology.

We note with a good deal of interest and, it must be admitted, no small amount of envy, the accomplishments of the *Association of Northern College Magazines*. During the Spring term of 1917, much correspondence was carried on between the colleges of North Carolina with a view to forming a North Carolina College Press Association. A convention met at Chapel Hill and a Constitution was duly drawn up and By-laws formulated. A president was then elected from Davidson, the college which had initiated the movement and the delegates returned to their respective colleges to await notification of the officers and to arouse the literary lights of their communities to compete for prizes to be awarded to the writers of the best story, essay or poem. We have waited in vain. We are offended that we were not invited to the funeral.

It might be interesting to note that in the competition held by *The Asso-*

ciation of Northern College Magazines the judges of the poems were: Amy Lowell, Edgar Lee Masters, and Charles Manson Towne; of the Essays: Simeon Strunsky, Randolph Browne and Walter Lippmann; of the stories: Henry S. Canby, Henry M. Harrison and Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart; of the plays: Stuart Walker, Alice Brown, and Walter Pritchard Eaton.

MONDAY

At the thought of you we sigh
But here's to you!
Your success no coin can buy,
But here's to you!
You bring rain and heart-ache too,
Tears and thoughts of bluest blue,
But you then bid us adieu,
So here's to you.

Of all the evils known to my feminine mind, Monday is the worst! In the first place "prep" always rings too soon. Even if it rings on time there is no joy in it, for some body gets all the tubs and you don't have a chance at one. Hard luck to begin on! It's sure to rain on Monday and take the frizzes out of your hair, regardless of the fact that you slept in misery all night in order to get them in there. Then who ever got their lessons up (you have one every period) for Monday? If anybody ever did they are abnormal and ought to be put in some sort of an institution to protect the rest of us. Did you ever get a letter or a package on Monday? Did anybody ever smile at you or give you a hearty good whack on the back

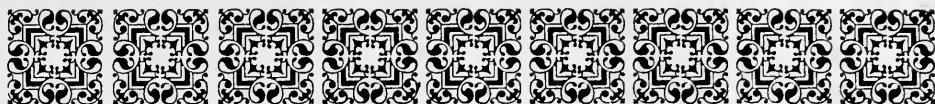
on Monday. Of course not! But how many 6's have you made or how many "sittings on" have you had to endure on this same day?

According to my way of thinking, Monday, as a school day is an evil we could well afford to dispense with. Let us "crush the infamous thing."—S. F.

I knew a girl once who thought about things. Not about a **HERSELF** recent election or who was putting up the best bluff, but about *other things*. She thought about *herself* mostly. You say she was self-centered and selfish. Yes, she was, if you call the insistent desire for self-development and self-expression a selfish desire. She wondered if she was growing and why the little things insisted upon cropping up at every angle. She longed to understand why she wasn't able to read even the preface to her *real self*. For she knew that she had a very real self; she didn't believe the thin veneer of mediocrity was at all herself. She believed that there was something worth while under it all if she could only get to it. Why did she have confidence in herself? That was the problem. Why did she believe there was a dormant self imbedded deep down in the roots of the little things? She did not know, but she did believe it and she believed that if only she encouraged it, it would someday germinate and grow into,—there isn't any measure of the possibility. What possibility? The possibility of the good in each one of us.—E. A. C.

Maturity

With childhood's drowsiness dimming still my sight,
I dared to say to men what Life was like;
When thoughts were wondering as the winds in spring
And teeming full of vague uncertainties,
I tried to sing the unsung element that is;
When others wise by having lived,
Wrought and watched in silent awe,
My blundering lips the inarticulate would frame.
Now am I stilled.
The life Thou gavest me to mould
I fain would shield from view of men
Till from Thy boundless understanding
I am made more wise.
Listening, hushed, I wait on Thee.



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No. 5

The Trial of Tweedle de Dum

ELIZABETH JONES, '21, CORNELIAN

Tweedle de Dum made Tweedle de Dee
Agree to have a battle,
For Tweedle de Dum said Tweedle de
Dee
Had spoiled his fairy rattle.
Just then flew down a monstrous crow,
As big as a tar barrel,
Which frightened both the heroes so
They most forgot their quarrel.
But now alas! I must relate
When Dee went off to bed
It may have been providence, more
likely fate,
Bad Dum cut off Dee's head."

When the fairy Queen heard of Tweedle de Dum's crime, she was very angry. She called her heralds and messengers, the tiny fairy dears, who could run faster than the wind could blow, and said to them, "Go all over the fairy land, and summons all the people to the trial of Tweedle de Dum. Tell them that he will be tried at midnight on the fourteenth day of February, two weeks hence." The heralds and messengers sped on their way, from fairy city to fairy city, spreading the Queen's command. One fairy dear, who could write very well on fairy paper, which is made of the inner bark of trees, and also leaves, wrote an article for the "*fairy Gazette*," condemning Tweedle de Dum. The

Queen's command was also printed, in case anyone should be overlooked by the heralds and messengers, they could read it in the paper, for *every* fairy took the "*Fairy Gazette*." The preparations for the trial were made on a grand scale. The Queen ordered a new gown to be spun out of moonbeams and dew drops. She set her carpenters, goldsmiths, and silversmiths at work, building her a wonderful throne studded with rubies, diamonds, opals, pearl drops, and other fairy stones. The throne was placed in the center of the beautiful royal park, the prettiest place in the whole kingdom. All the lady fairies of the Court ordered gossmer gowns of the finest web, silk gowns of the most radiant hues, woven out of the pearly mist, and dyed with wondrous dyes of the rainbow. The men fairies of the Court were to be equally fine in their new fairy suits of forest green, and autumn coloring. Gorgious, varicolored ties and vests were being carefully pressed by the fairy valets.

While the people of the Court were preparing for the trial, the other fairies, all over fairyland, were getting ready too. Naturally their apparel was not to be so gorgeous, (the Queen would not allow that), but they were to be ever so fine.

And what was Tweedle de Dum doing all this time? After he had killed his twin, Tweedle de Dee, his conscience did not hurt him at all. He skipped and played just as much as he ever did, which was practically all the time. Tweedle de Dee had always managed somehow to get food for them both, so when Tweedle de Dum began getting hungry, he looked around for Tweedle de Dee. He was really angry because he could not find Dee (he had forgotten about killing Dee, so short is a fairy's mind). He finally took Dee's fishing rod and went fishing. He didn't bother about digging bait. Tweedle de Dum never bothered about anything. Fishing was new and fascinating to Tweedle de Dum, who had never done anything in his life but play and eat. In his excitement he ventured too close to the edge of "Rippling water," and fell in. He was greatly terrified, but being a fairy, he was able to float to the shore. Wet and miserable, he crawled in a cave and went to sleep. So Tweedle de Dum did not hear the Queen's summons. Day after day, night after night, passed and still Tweedle de Dum slept. He had many curious fairy dreams. He dreamed most of all of things to eat. Curled up into a ball he slept and dreamed. Probably the Fate fairy made him sleep so long. On the fourteenth night of February, he was dreaming of dancing with the Fairy Queen, when he was rudely awakened by the fairy chief of police, "Hop-O-My Thumb," who pulled out his clock-leaf and said "Tis eleven o'clock. Hurry Tweedle de Dum, we have got to be on time at the trial." Tweedle de Dum had not the slightest idea what trial Hop-O-My Thumb was talking about, but he

obligingly went with the chief. They arrived at the palace garden, just one minute before mid-night. Every-thing blazed with such radience and light that it made Tweedle de Dum rub his sleepy eyes and jump behind a tree. The police chief still hung on to him, as if afraid to let Tweedle de Dum get out of his sight. First the heralds entered tooting on their gold and silver fairy horns. Then came the ladies and men of the court, arrayed in all their finery. They grouped themselves on each side of the throne. Lastly came the fairy Queen herself in the greatest of fairy splendor. The other fairies sat on mushrooms within fifty feet of the throne. The court clerk took his place at the tiny table near the Queen and began to write, though nothing had been said as yet. The court lawyer arose and called for the first witness. Who should it be but the page of the Queen, "Croaking Frog." He took the fairy oath, and in a deep croaking, voice began his tale.

"I saw," he said: "Tweedle de Dum quarrelling with Tweedle de Dee. Tweedle de Dum was very angry, and said that Tweedle de Dee had spoiled his new fairy rattle, given him by grandfather rabbit."

Next the chief of police came forward (he had tied Dum to the tree). He bowed to the Queen, bowed to the ladies of the Court and then bowed to the other fairies, nearly upsetting himself with his long green coat-tails, trimmed with brass buttons as big as his two ears. He then spoke in a pompous and vain voice, as if proud of himself; "I saw Tweedle de Dum following Tweedle de Dee that eventful night, but thought nothing of it as Dum and Dee were twins, and such good friends." Poor

Dum would have bolted at this, but the police chief had tied him too tight. He could not get away. The harder he pulled, the harder the knot became. Hop-O-My Thumb bowed himself away from the throne, going backward till he reached the tree. Then he cut the knot, and held on to Dum all the tighter. The crowning touch came when Peter Pan, the detective, famous all over the fairy land, arose and pulled from under his coat a tin sword, belonging to Tweedle de Dum. The sword had once been bright and shining, but it was now all rusty and red. All the fairies, when they saw the sword of Tweedle de Dum began to yell at the top of their fairy voices; Where is Tweedle de Dum? Where is he? Kill him quick! The police chief, Hop-O-My Thumb, dragged poor Tweedle de Dum to the foot of the throne. When everything had become silent, the fairy Queen arose and said: "This fairy shall die immediately." The Court executioner approached, raised the fatal tin sword to cut off Dum's head, when suddenly there appeared Tweedle de Dee, who grabbed Tweedle de Dum around the neck, and began to laugh and cry. They both got to their feet and faced the Queen.

"What is the meaning of this," she cried.

"Your Majesty," said Tweedle de Dee, "everybody was entirely wrong. Dum did not kill me, but killed my pet monkey who slept in my bed while I was out chasing fireflies. I wanted to write Dum a letter to beg his forgiveness for breaking his rattle. I could not write because I did not have a light, so I went chasing fireflies to get a light."

"At that all the fairies cried fairy tears of joy. Peter-Pan smiled till you could not see his face. Hop-O-My Thumb looked rather disappointed, but did not dare to say anything. Some say that two tears, like tiny diamonds, stood in the fairy Queen's eyes, but none would dare say so for sure, for Queens have to be dignified you know. The fairies, who had previously, cried for Tweedle de Dum to be killed, now surrounded Dum and Dee, congratulating them both. The Queen, who was very brilliant, had a brilliant thought. She summoned her musicians, and turned the trial into a Saint Valentines ball. Wonder upon wonders, she walked up to Tweedle de Dum, and graciously bad him to be her partner. Tweedle de Dum was so over come with the honor that he called on Tweedle de Dee to help him out. Together they led the Queen for the grand march. The big, fairy moon shed her beams over the little dell, where the light fairy feet were gaily tripping, to the most wonderful of fairy music.

But of course something had to happen. Tweedle de Dee's pet monkey was brought back to life by the "Fairy Fate." He came running up to his master upsetting Dee, the Queen and Dum. All the fairies piled on top. Ruined were the beautiful clothes, the silks and moonbeam dresses, and the wonderful suits. The clock leaf of Hop-O-My Thumb, came to their aid by chiming out the hour of six. Fairies, throne, lights and decorations disappeared. Everybody had gone. Did I say everybody? Well then I was wrong, for there puffing, and sitting on his hind legs was the fairy snail, who as usual, was "too late."

The Two Bears

ARNETTE HATHAWAY, '19, ADELPHIAN

You know, I believe they're the only things that really, trully keep this old orb whirling in a regular fashion and not like a little bark on a rough sea, for come to think about it, I've a notion that even the sun and moon get tired of each other. Surely it grows monotonous to see another always doing just what you do! That exactly is what the sun has to put up with! Don't you think it would be a rather gloomy prospect to know that perhaps as long as you contributed one of the pegs in the scheme of things and went on revolving in a prescribed path until you had forgotten how it felt to be anything but drunk—every time you looked out across the milky way, you would see that same moon with that same placid, unruffled expression, always with *Your* shape and color, always reflecting *You*, never varying the humdremness of it except once in a while getting behind a cloud and that only when you had felt too bad to appear during the day.

And her position is about as tedious. She's *got* to do it! That's her job; if she stopped doing that, it would be a case of "out of sight—out of mind." and she'd soon be forgotten, and dreadfully in the way of the stars besides. Yea, in truth, these two must surely practice bear and forbear to ever stay on their respective jobs and keep things running day and night without a hitch.

And, on the level, Isn't that just symbolic of human existence?

Bing! Bang! Storm signals up! Did

you ever feel like you would give anything in the world to be an Indian warrior for half an hour, on the war path with a tomahawk and above all a free conscience to scalp the world in general and certain pale faces in particular?

Did you ever feel like there was nobody tangible that had done a thing to you and nothing tangible your ailment, and yet you had a greviance against the whole business? And in consequence did you ever set to work and be so hateful to everybody and everything, even the table drawer and the door knob, that you realized like the Kaiser that you had incurred the hatred of your whole environment and then, being disgusted with yourself to the degree of hopelessness, did you get theatrical and decide that the only thing left to do was to end it all by going away for the sake of those about you—O hypocritical unselfishness!—and before departing having an individual revival during which you confessed all your faults, along with some you didn't ever have, and finding that it didn't work effectively on your audience, you decided to in utter despair, to spill salt water all over your shirt front and find that this, or going to sleep for a while, was about all that would right things?

Then, at other times, you've seen other people do the above without one false play? And you looked on, quite forgetting that you ever acted quite so "moody" and if spiritually inclined at the moment, you pitied one who

could not control herself better or being on the bum yourself, you cleared out because it was a little too much.

But in real true, Christian, the-best-you-can sort of living these bears of which I spoke smooth over the hundred similar disagreeabilities of most days, not counting Christmas and New Year's and birthdays and most Sun-

days and a few others. For this proposition of living with folks—man or woman, beast or bird—gets tiresome, Oh so tiresome and monotonous, and we get thru with a smile on our face and memories to comfort us in our old age only when we have employed them without stint—bear and forbear.

February

MARY GORDON, 18, ADELPHIAN

Today, the sky, a sea of silvery-blue
Is set with clouds of fairy white.
Like skies in April.

But, I, from my open window hear
The sobbing of the winter winds
In the lonely pines.

At times, through the heavy plumes
of green
Faintly filters the sunlight down
On melting snow.

Beyond, the gray and barren trees of
winter
Stand firmly submissive, motionless
On the horizon's rim.

The Inhabitants of Bacliff

ELIZABETH FREEMAN, ADELPHIAN

This incident which I am about to relate to the public for the first time happened in or about the year 1850, in the Black Mountains. At the time of its occurrence there were not more than three hundred inhabitants of this section. Two hundred and ninety-five of these lived in Blackville, a young mining-town and the other five lived in a sequestered spot about nineteen miles from Blackville.

It is of the five inhabitants of the sequestered spot that I shall tell. My brother and I were two of the five. We lived about one-half mile from the other three, who were, Charles Graham his wife, and a servant, Black Sall. This secluded portion of the world where we five lived was generally called Bacliff. My father gave it this name when we first moved into the Black Mountains. He called it this because, just a mile back of the house was an immense black rock cliff from which there was a sheer fall of a thousand feet. Why he choose to live near such a dangerous place I have never been able to tell.

My father was a trapper. He moved into the Black Mountains about twenty-five years before the time of this story. About fifteen years later, he died leaving my brother and me almost in poverty, and, altho we longed for a sight of the world, circumstances forced us to continue our secluded life at Baycliff, living on whatever resources the mountains provided.

I do not know much concerning the history of the other family of Bacliff.

I only know that not long after my father's death Charles Graham became my neighbor. He was a man in the prime of life or rather his age signified this, but one glance at him told me that his life was clouded, that some great shadow hung over him. This shadow, I discovered, was the insanity of his wife, Margaret Graham, more commonly known as "Crazy Madge." I never knew what caused her madness; in fact, I saw her only twice—once when she first came to Bacliff and again about ten years later. I shall never forget how she looked or how very much I was impressed by her extraordinary personality the first time I saw her. My brother and I came upon her one evening while we were out hunting. She was seated on a rock out in a creek playing with water snakes. Altho I have always known these reptiles to be harmless, yet I could never, for my soul, have touched one. The very thought appals me. But there was Madge halfway out in the creek, seated on this rock with at least six of these cold-blooded animals in her hands and coiled on her lap. I shudder when I recall to memory that picture. In truth, it was a singularly strange, beautiful, horrible picture—that mad woman with her raven-black hair flying loose and almost concealing her beautiful body. Yes this mysterious woman possessed a strange beauty. Her lithe form, her luxuriant tresses, her ivory-skin, and her clear-cut features bespoke a wondrous charm. She possessed such a pair of eyes as I

have never seen before or since. They were far larger than ordinary eyes, one was the color of the jetty lashes which hung far down over it; the other was beryl colored. Never before or since have I seen such an eye in a human being, often I have seen it in a cat, more often in a Jaguar. And in these eyes was an expression of weirdness, an expression that was almost supernatural. As this remarkable being sat there fondling and caressing those snakes, she sang softly some lullaby, perhaps one she had learned when a child before insanity seized her. She had an unusually musical voice, a fact which my brother was just commenting upon, when, altho he whispered she heard him, and at that instant, with a shrill outcry, she flung the snakes back into the water, jumped from the rock and disappeared. My brother and I withdrew from that part of the forest, and tho I went back to this creek several times afterwards in search of her, I never saw her. Once I am quite sure she was there. I was passing near the creek and heard something over my head moving rapidly thru the trees. As I glanced up a shoe fell heavily on my head but I saw no one. After that I thought it best for my own safety to avoid her society so I made no more attempts to see her.

It was more than ten years before I saw Madge again. During that time my brother had become an intimate friend of Charles Graham. They spent many afternoons hunting together. Altho my brother never visited the Graham home, he had learned from Mr. Graham that Madge had grown extremely dangerous, and that she had attempted to kill Black Sall several times.

One night about the middle of

August I had been reading some of Poe's tales and had become so restless that I could not sleep. For this reason I put on my coat and started for a walk. There was a full moon and not a cloud in the sky. It was a beautiful night, not at all corresponding to my mood nor to the black deed which was committed on this night. Generally when I took long walks I either went toward Blackville or directly in front of my house, thereby avoiding the cliff and Grahams. Somehow, tho I had no reason for it, I always thought of the Grahams in connection with this cliff. Tonight before I knew it I was walking in the direction of Graham's and something impelled me to go on. Thinking all the while of the Black Cat and musing on the scene in which the man buried an axe in his wife's brain, I had been walking fully ten minutes before I realized that I was directly in front of Madge Graham's home. This seemed to me the wildest and gloomiest spot in all the world. My first impulse, on realising my situation, was to retrace my steps as soon as possible, but just as I turned to leave, from within that dreary building there came to my ears the piercing scream of a woman. Another person must have heard it too, for as I crept silently to the window and peered into a dimly lighted room, Charles Graham was entering it at a back door. Notwithstanding the fact that twenty years have elapsed since that fearful night, everything that happened comes before my mind now just as if it had been only last night. Madge was there. The ten years which had passed since I saw this woman had wrought a great change in her. The once beautiful, almost harmless madwoman had become an ugly dangerous demon. She

had changed from a helpless creature to a fearless fiend. Just a few strands of the once beautiful hair remained. Her unmatched eyes still had that strange, ghastly expression, but added to this was a wild, terrible light. And there, within three feet of me, stood that half-human, with one claw-like hand clutching Black Sall's throat and the other gripping an axe, which she was about to bring down on the woman's head. Just here Charles Graham interfered and arrested the blow which would surely have proved fatal to Black Sall. Furious with rage, her wild eyes blazing with terrible brilliancy, Madge released her hold on Black Sall; then with a shrill sardonic laugh she turned and buried the axe in Charles Graham's brain. I fell back stricken with horror. Afraid to move, I lay there listening in terror to the wild sounds which Madge uttered. At first she laughed in triumph, as if she were pleased with her success. Suddenly the laughing changed to hysterical sobs. I could not see her but I imagined her stooping over Graham's body. Staggering, I arose to my feet and looked thru the window. There crouched beside his prostrate figure was this hideous creature, moaning in agony. All at once she arose, walked to the door and called several times for Black Sall, but receiving no response she walked silently back into the room straight to where Graham lay. Stooping she gathered him in her strong arms and laid him on a bed. She leaned over him, took his blood-stained face between her hands and kissed him. Then, silently as before, she walked to the door and out into the night. I had seen the beginning of this tragedy and I felt that I must see the termination. Therefore I followed

her. Slowly she walked, looking neither to the left nor to the right. Once she looked back and then I think she must have seen my shadow, but as she looked I dodged behind a tree, and she resumed her course. After a few minutes walking I discovered that we were within thirty yards of the cliff. Ten yards further I stopped. Just as I stopped Madge walked to the edge of the cliff and with one long, continuous, shrieking yell, which reminded me of some great elephant trumpeting before he lay down to die, she flung her emaciated form headlong over the precipice, to be dashed to pieces on the rocks a thousand feet below. I shut my eyes and stood still, gathering my senses and assuring myself that I was not dreaming. After an interval of dazed indecision, I walked to the edge of the cliff, where I had last seen Madge Graham. I stood there gazing thru what seemed infinite space, looking for her. Finally, with one farewell look at the cliff and its surroundings, I turned and made my way home.

After days of terrified stupor I regained consciousness. Then my brother informed me of the horrible events which had taken place. There had been a severe storm, a storm such as we seldom have—a raging tempest so wild and so fierce that it had devastated great tracts of land, not only by the mighty wind and terrible lightning but also by the destructive landslides which accompanied it. One of these in its downward rush had swept over the cliff carrying with it Charles Graham's house. Not a vestige remained to indicate the spot where the house had stood. It was assumed that the inhabitants had been carried along in the grip of the slide and now lay buried under tons of debris.

Gradually as my strength permitted, I related to my brother the scenes of the horrible tragedy which I had witnessed, and he being somewhat superstitious, wanted to move to Blackville. Altho I would not acknowledge

being superstitious, I felt the depressing influence of the location and was very highly in favor of leaving. Three days later, regardless of circumstances, we left Bacliff and unto this day I have never returned to that weird spot.

Tech's Successful Experiment

RUBY SISK, '19, CORNELIAN

"It's like this, professor, in the ninth inning, with the score 0-0, Tech tried an experiment by putting Martin up. He was standing on the Home Base—."

"Er- What kind of supplies are kept in that Base, may I ask?" The professor eagerly produced a little, black note book, labeled, "Economy in the Supply Base." I made another effort.

"Home Base, professor," I explained "is the place where the batter stands to get ready to strike the ball." The professor slowly replaced the note book, only to produce its replica, marked "Experiments."

"Meanwhile," I continued, "Johnson, in the Box, wound up and tossed one out to right center, another to left, just to get warmed up. Do you understand, professor?"

"Certainly, sir, perfectly."

"Then like a whirl wind he curved one right over the plate."

"Oh, I see—"

"Martin took a crack at her and sent her to center. Of course the fans went wild as Hamilton came in safe, making the score 1 to 0, Tech successful."

"Quite clear, very interesting," the professor mumbles as he made several jottings in the little, black note book No. 2.

After the professor had left the room I noticed he had forgotten something which had fallen to the floor. I stooped to pick it up. It was the note book opened at a page headed "Base Ball." Curiosity had me. I read.

"Base Ball"

"Tech Students carry out successful Experiment. Warm up Home Base by means of score of fans. Also Box containing Pitcher and Plate are safe left right in centre."

Eagerly I watch the faces of the passing throng
In street and home and office.
Eagerly I seek the answer to one question
That ever runs beneath my thoughts;
Are you happy?
Has your mind never said to you, "There is no God!"
And repeated it with solemn force
When they said you had no right to doubt
Or when physical and spiritual forces cried
"How can you account for us?"
Yet your mind repeated with dull iteration
"God at best is only an impersonal, creative force
Who does not feel the problems of mankind,
Their hopelessness in life;
Else why is evil eternal?
Why are people self-absorbed;
And the happiest people those who have the most
Of health or education or intellect
And not those who strive hardest to do right?
Death means merely oblivion
On the return of mental atom to the sum of mentality
Just as the body resolves itself into elements
And reappears in new shapes and forms,"
And yet there comes the feeling at times
That the personal God of detail exists;
That there is a heaven and a hell;
That Christ is more than a myth.
Then my mind cries out
"What of those who doubt?"

The Universal Play of Passion

MARGARET H. GEORGE, '18, CORNELIAN

Long before the great war broke out, before Mr. Wilson was elected president, he said, "We live in our own age—an age like Shakespear's, when an old world is passing away, a new world coming in—an age of new speculation and every new adventure of mind; a full stage, an intricate plot, a universal play of passion, the outcome of which no man can foresee"—

Strangely new and undreamed-of adventures of mind have come to us and the plot is becoming unbelievably, insufferably complicated. As the play goes on and more actors and yet more crowd to the center of the stage, and the varied passions sweep this way and that, the minor actors, and even the managers are loosing their bearings, becoming mazed and confused.

On the old stage the scenery was set close and one could see where the walls closed in and where the openings were and knew what lay behind them in the wings. The footlights had been plain before the stage, marking off the real from the unreal; shining clear in their primary colors to give the looked-for light effects and one knew when 'twas meant for night and when for day. On the old stage, evil wore the garb of evil, good showed her clear soul in face and speech and action and, were there any doubt what one must do, were the choice physical, mental moral or spiritual, always some trusted and respectable manager, well payed for his services, was there to direct or advise. Upon the old stage, one knew when to smile and when to frown on ^{the} are swept away; all things look differ-

things, and little depended on ones choice. But now the stage is vastly wide; nothing is what it seems to be and all is chaos. The scenery, which nicely set the limits of the action, is swept for back—and we see only wavering clouds of changing garish hues—the beckoning, brilliant colors of strange adventure, the lurid, gleaming colors of lust and passion, the livid flashes of hate, the hideous sickly gleams of fear and intermingled thru them, the deep, breathless black of misunderstanding and despair. The colors change and the walls waver and never for an instant is the stage the same.

All is strangely dark; for the overhead lights are off and the foot lights are so blurred by dust of rapid passing and the smoke of sacrifices to strange gods, that the actors know not when tis night with only cold blue burning or when some ray of white or red of morning hope has been flashed on by the electrician somewhere in space. Good is no longer labeled good, or evil, evil and all the trusted managers seem, somehow, strangely fatuous if they have not already joined the tumult.

"The plot is complicated" and the old lines which have so long answered each cue in our narrow roles, seem oddly out of place and yet we have no others in their stead. Those who have never had speaking parts are now suddenly placed where the turn of the drama depends on them and they know not what to do. The bounderies

ent in the strange new light upon them; the managers are impotent and there is no time to write and learn new parts.

This drama should be as marvelous

as it is stupendous; for each actor, grasping for its fundamental theme and striving to work out the best solution must *think out his own part* and live it to the best that is within him.

An Unexpected Truth

MARY D. JOHNSON, '19, CORNELIAN

"Billy, where have you been?" Mrs. Stone asked, when her ten-year old son came in late to breakfast, cheerfully whistling and with his cap still on his head.

"Dunno," he answered as he dropped unconcernedly into his chair and reached for the biscuit.

"Billy," sternly came his mother's reply, "I asked where you have been."

"Let me see, where have I been?" came the thoughtful reply, as he kept on munching his biscuit.

"Now Billy tell mother where you have been."

"Everywhere" he answered, still apparently unconcerned, but watching his mother out of the corner of his eye.

"I want to know where you have been. First you say that you do not know and then that you have been everywhere." Mrs. Stone was becoming exasperated. "Tell me the truth now."

"I'm telling you the truth," he said, looking innocently at her.

Mrs. Stone could hardly repress an amused look when she saw his expression; still she was determined to get some response. "I want a definite answer at once."

"What is definite," still more innocently.

Mrs. Stone was determined not to be led away from her purpose, and assuming her sternest air, she said severely, "William, I will not have any more discussion about it. You must tell me at once where you have been."

Billy realized that the time had come to make an open confession, "Well, mother," he said, "I've been telling you the truth, I don't know where I've been and I've been everywhere. When the milkman was passing, I got into the wagon with him and rode all over town."

The Breach In the Wall of Troy

NELLE BARDEIN, '20, ADELHHIAN

Many, many years ago, far away in a land towards the east, lived a great and mighty people. In this land by the sea, where resounds the never-ceasing roar of the waves beating, beating against the shore, there had been years of war. The people, who had once been rich and happy, were weary of the iron rule of Mars, and yet, were looking into a future promising no hope of relief.

One day in front of the walls of this city by the sea appeared an object, wonderful beyond description. It was a horse, made of wood and towering to the heavens. All the city, the mighty and lowly, came just to gaze upon it, and to marvel, and then to dispute among themselves as to what it meant. "Let it be taken within the walls," cried some, and behold, as if in answer to them, appeared one captured from the enemy; one with a tale of the victory bringing power of the mighty horse. Yet marvelous tales held not sway over the reason of all. Laocoon, a prophet and mighty man of wisdom, answered in warnings grave that the horse would bring about their ruin. But even as he spoke, two serpents came up from the sea and devoured him and his two sons. Surely a sign from the gods, surely a devine omen, must this be, thought the people, now ready for any excuse to bring in the wonderful image.

Late the sun, sinking in all its splendor, cast myriad tints upon the city by the sea where now there sounded the ring of hammer, the splintering

of wood, and the thundering crash of walls as they fell. The breach in the wall was made, and thru it the mighty horse at last was drawn. That night there was dancing and feasting and revelry and in their orgy the people forgot—the broken wall.

In the deep of the night the stars looked silently upon the city, at last wrapt in drunken slumber—and upon the horse. For lo—from within, dark, figures were emerging. Thru the opening in the wall more dark figures were moving. Now the stars were almost hid for murky clouds drifted over them and long snaky streaks of fire played across the heavens. Suddenly Troy awoke in a daze to find herself in the power of the enemy—to be conquered—to flee,—or to die.

Many, many years ago, or perhaps it was yesterday, there dwelt somewhere in the world a man,—or perhaps it was a woman. Here the sun arose in a sky of blue tipped with delicate rose and sank in a sky streaked with floating banners of color, topaz and sapphire, already deepening into soft purple pennants of the coming night, which spread a velvet pall of darkness over all. This Dweller of the world was fair and strong, and rich in the ways of mortals, spending hours free from cares and trials.

But one day the peace in this life slipped away and in its place strife and doubt stepped in. Two forces were at war, one besieging, the other resisting, until the spirit of the Mortal

was torn and wearied by the struggle.

Then miraculously there appeared before the citidal of the soul an apparent means of relief from strife—a thing bright and glittering and overpowering to the mind. This object became more desirable as Self-deceit whispered of the sweet future it would bring, if received within the walls. But Self-respect, accompanied by Intelligence and Memory, held sway until the Passions, came up from the sea of emotion, overcame them all. Then the Man, or maybe it was a Woman, tore down a part of that Wall of Truth, which surrounded the citadel of the Soul, and brought in the object of Desire. Happiness seemed to return, but a happiness of an artificial brightness and glow, and in the glamour of it all the broken wall was forgotten.

The night was no longer lighted by the glittering stars, or by the soft glow of the crescent moon. Thunder rumbled; the darkness became intense; black storm clouds sailed across the sky, making the night blacker, while vivid flashes of lightning angrily cleft that darkness like a blade of steel.

The angry sky looked down upon the Dweller of the World, buried in the heavy sleep of Forgetfulness—and upon the Object of Desire, by which the forces of the enemy were entering the Citadel, and upon the opening in the Wall. Suddenly the Dweller of the World, dazed, awoke to real life to find himself in the power of the enemy, to be conquered, *not to flee*, but to die.

My Star

Alice Presson, '18, CORNELIAN

As the sun goes down to rest behind the lonely pines,
Slowly rises the evening star, my star of hope.
A dark grey cloud has overshadowed it
And as I longingly scan the sky,
The stirring night wind whispers from the gloom,
“Hope has met with sorrow and clasped her by the hand.”

But lo, when she shines forth to me again
It is with a softer glow than ever before;
For hope thru sorrow has learned of sympathy.
Oh star of mine, ever in your radiance
Lead me with hope and teach me sympathy for my fellowman.

Just A-Missin' You

MEADE SEAWELL, CORNELIAN

When wind and rain of springtime days
Make all the world a dampy blue,
And when the mist of morning haze
Takes on a sort of blackened hue,
And drippy weather makes the flow'rs'
To droop and bend and die,
And sends the birds to other bowers
Where sunny pleasant pastures lie,
'Tis then I miss your winsome smile
That tells me all within is clear,
That counts to set me singing while
The day outside is bleak and drear.

"Tis then I miss a blue-eyed girl
Whose heart just laughs and loves and sings,
In spite of all the outside world
That chills and kills the flowering things,
Whose soul in cheering seems to say:
"Within, my dear, the hearthfires glow.
Just look the beauty of the day!
Within the heart the flowers blow!
The birds make music there for you,
In jolly rhythmic laughter sing
And there ,with all the flowers too,
Just say, 'Be glad, 'tis spring, 'tis spring'''.

So then you see, Miss Lady dear,
I'm just a-missin' awful much
Your smile, your love, your cheer,
Your very self—perhaps your touch;
For when outside it's windy bleak
And cold and wet and dreary too,
'Tis then, in fashion surely meek,
I'm just a-missin', missin' you.

K. Gregory

LAURA LINN WILLEY, '18, ADELPHIAN

"Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you."

Sang out Patsy as she waved a big red valentine before her mother's face. "You know he's a dear! O, I just must write to him this very minute." And with a bound she was across the room at her desk.

"Of course you shall not" replied Mrs. Pruden with intended finality. Her thin lips closed in a prim line and her chin put on an air of determination.

"But I feel so sorry—"

"That will do. Child you will disgrace us all. Why you can tell by the man's letters that he is ignorant, ill-bred, coarse—I do not want my child sacrificing her maiden dignity even if it is for the sake of a soldier. Bring me that last letter you received."

A mischevious smile flickered over Patsy's face; her brown eyes sparkled. She picked up a pink letter from the desk addressed in a scrawling hand, and handed it to her mother who began to read after a careful adjustment of her glasses.

Mi own deer,

Yo sweit lettur got hear. I wuz more'n glad to get same. Them vituals you sent wuz powerful good. thank yer fur that picuture of you. pleze rite soon.

Confectionarily

K. Gregory.

"Why Patricia Edington! Did you send that man your picture. I've a notion to keep you at home from the

dance tonight." And Mrs. Pruden's eyebrows rose half-way up her forehead.

Yes she had and Patsy was not sorry. She was simply trying to do her "bit." When one of the girls had given her some interesting looking addresses several months before and asked her if she did not want to write, she had jumped at the idea. How did she know that the one she had chosen would turn out to be a "num-skull" as her mother had termed him? Now that she had taken the leap Patsy intended to keep up her good work. Those letters had a fascination for her anyhow, and she did not see any harm in it. If mother objected then mother need not know had been the logic of the spoiled eighteen-year-old.

"It's so much fun protested Patsy," "and then I won't ever mèet him. He said he was going to France the first of the month—but Mama dear please, please let me go tonight. You know it is going to be the biggest Valentine dance we have ever had. Folks from all around here are coming. I'll promise to be better Mama dear" She punctuated this last with a knowing wink at the maid.

"My dear you do not know into what entanglements this correspondence may bring you. I do wish you would listen to your mother. When I was young, girls never corresponded with young gentlemen whom they had never met, they did not send their pictures to strangers, they did not—"

The door bell interrupted this charm-

ing lecture. With a sigh of relief Patsy flew to answer it before the maid had time to set her cap right and smooth her dainty apron. It was only a minute before she had returned, breathless with excitement, waiving a special delivery in one hand.

"Oh Boy! Look! Look!—It's for me too!" and tearing it open she literally devoured its contents. She finished and sank into a chair with an expression of mingled mischief, terror, and shame on her face.

"What on earth is the matter Patricia?" There was real alarm in Mrs. Pruden's voice as she picked up the letter which had fallen to the floor. She scanned its pages quickly and then with a look which said "I told you so" more plainly than words could ever do, she announced to Patsy who still sat rigid.

"Well! I see nothing to do but to prepare for the worst and take your medicine. I have been trying to keep you out of trouble so long, I think perhaps this will be a lesson to you." She rose and rustled out of the room.

The truth of the matter was that K. Gregory had suddenly accepted the invitation to the Valentine dance that night—an invitation which Patsy had extended merely as a joke, just to see what he would say. And, he was already on his way there! He said that he just had to meet her before he went "over there" that he felt it would be an "inspiration" to him.

"Now who do you reckon told him how to spell inspiration?" thought Patsy. "O the mean, hateful, ugly brute!" spluttered Patsy in a paroxysm of rage. "What shall I do!"

But she was not of the kind to be overcome by circumstances; she rather overcame them. She went about get-

ting her costume ready with all her usual spirit. She could not quite forget that letter. A picture of herself and that horrible K. Gregory haunted her. She could see the people staring and imagine all the remarks that would pass behind those feather fans. She determined to "stick it out." Certainly she was glad it was a masquerade affair. Maybe he would hide his ugly face behind a mask and she would not have to look at him. He wrote that he had gotten permission from the captain to change his uniform for a fancy costume since it was possibly the last time that he would "see a dance"—"See a dance" thought Patsy, "Well then the dunce can't dance."

Every time the phone bell rang or any one came to the door Patsy jumped like she was shot. By supper time she was almost a nervous wreck.

"Who in the world is that fellow with Patsy Pruden?" was the prevailing question at the dance that night. She "hasn't introduced him to a soul. I do wish he'd take off his mask. He looks like he ought to have a right decent-looking face!"

This stranger had at least helped to start the dance off with a laugh much to the mortification of Patsy. Quite a crowd had come up on the same elevator with them. When they arrived at the club room floor, the elevator boy had extended his hand for the usual tip and to the amusement of the crowd K. Gregory had grasped it and shook hands in a most friendly fashion, without ever smiling the least bit.

It was now the extra after the nineteenth dance. The punch was just right, the music was fine, and the floor was smooth as glass. Patsy in spite

of her inward misery was playing her part well. She had never looked better in her life. The pink "Bo-Peep" costume was just the right thing to set off her brunette beauty. She realized herself that she had attracted this stranger and there was a fascination about him until he opened his mouth and then such English! "I dunno" or "I ain't got no idee" or "you ought to had er came to the camp. There ain't nary girl out there hardly." It was for that reason that Patsy had steered clear of everybody. To Patsy his dancing seemed awful, possibly because she was expecting him to step on her pink slippers every minute; tho several onlookers remarked that he danced rather well. Patsy wondered why he didn't take off his mask but she remembered that he had not been out much and let it go at that but she would not have dared remind him of it.

Just as the orchestra was tuning up for the last dance a messenger boy appeared in the door. "Telegram for

Captain Gregory" he announced. Everybody looked around.

"Pardon me a moment" said the despicable K. Gregory as he snatched the mask from his face, walked quickly to the door and signed for the telegram. All eyes turned on him.

"By George!" exclaimed several "sammies," "I didn't know the captain was stopping over here. I thought he was going straight through to New York."

"Why yes he is a fine fellow. Finished up at Yale last year. He's on his way there now to attend to some business before "going over."

Patsy had overheard this conversation and stood spell-bound. Her heart was pounding so when Captain K. Gregory returned that she could not say a word.

"Well I didn't mean for them to give me away like that," he said with the most charming smile Patsy had ever seen "Shall we dance this one?"



Who Goes Over the Top With You

GORDON THOMSON, '18, CORNELIAN

Who goes "over the top" with you
 Oh lad in khaki clad?
Who goes "over the top" with you
 And makes your great heart glad?
When the sharpnel falls
And the bugle calls
 A rally to charge again.

Who goes "over the top" with you
 Oh soldier heart of steel?
Who goes "over the top" with you
 When your brain begins to reel?
And the deadly guns
Of the opposing ones
 Mow down your closest friend.

Who goes "over the top" with you
 Oh soldier strong and brave?
Who goes "over the top" with you
 Democracy to save?
And the weaker lands
From the cruel hands
Of despotism rend.

Who goes "over the top" with you
 Oh lad in khaki clad?
Who goes "over the top" with you
 To make your great heart glad?
It's the smiles and tears
And the hopes and prayers
Of the home folks you defend.

A Precursor of the Red Cross

IDA GARDNER, '19, CORNELIAN

This is the second of a series of essays dealing with the organization of the Red Cross Society and its work.

We shudder now at some of the conditions which exist in our Camps; but it is even more appalling to think of conditions as they were at the outbreak of the Civil War, when no organization of any kind existed that might have given some sort of relief. Think of an army created out of undisciplined civilian soldiers in charge of untrained and inexperienced officers; of the condition of the first regiments that reached Washington after long, slow journeys in crowded cattle cars, only to find scant straw for their beds and shoddy blankets for covering in hastily prepared camps; of the natural outcome of such unpreparedness, of the incompetency of the medical service of the army, of a public that, looking forward into the future with a sort of blind optimism, absolutely ignored conditions and gave no thought to preventive measures, and you will know just a few of the incentives that set an earnest group of American men and women to thinking of some way to change such conditions.

On the same day that President Lincoln issued his call for 75,000 volunteers, women in various cities in the North—Bridgeport, Cleveland and New York—organized societies for relief and comfort of sick and wounded soldiers. It was their purpose to supply nurses; purchase clothing, provisions; to send books and magazines to the soldiers; to preserve records of services of each soldier; and to hold communication with officers that people might be informed about their

friends. During the war more than 7,000 such societies were scattered through out the North and were valuable tributaries to the Sanitary Commission, which was organized a few months after the first societies.

Drs. Bellows and Elisha Harris were two men of broad enough vision to see that there was a great need of cooperation along definite lines under the auspices of the government if any real good was to be done. In the latter part of April, 1861, they, influenced by ninety-two of New York's most active women, called a public meeting at Cooper Institute and The Woman's Central Relief Association was organized, whose duties were "to collect suitable supplies, establish more houses for their storage, bureaus for the examination and registration of nurses, and to provide supplementary aid in various forms of the Army Medical Service." Dr. Bellows was sent to Washington to ask for official recognition; but he found utmost confusion reigning there and met flat refusal. However, after much diplomacy on the part of Dr. Bellows and his delegation, a Sanitary Commission was appointed which was to act in the capacity of advisor to the Surgeon General's Department. Strange to say, such a proposition was not viewed with favor—even President Lincoln believed that such a commission would be "a fifth wheel to the coach." Nevertheless the commission was appointed and was to serve without pay; but was to have a furnished room allotted it in

Washington and was "to ascertain the sanitary condition of volunteers, to suggest means to preserve and restore health, to insure the general comfort and efficiency of troops, such as proper cooks, nurses, hospitals, etc., and to correspond with the War Department and Medical Bureau." The cumbersome title "of Commission of Inquiry and Advice in Respect to the Sanitary Interest of the United States Forces" was given the commission that its functions might in no way interfere with the Government; Dr. Bellows was made president and Mr. Olmstead secretary, who had general oversight of the whole work of commission—a herculean task.

The work of the Commission was divided between two committees. The first of these on Inquiry, subdivided its work between "committees on inquiries from experience of foreign wars, on inspection in camps for actual conditions, on matters of diet, clothing, and quarters." The second committee, on advice, had a work somewhat greater than its name implies. Acting upon conclusions based upon the inquiries of the former committee, its duties were to get such conclusions approved by the Medical Bureau, ordered by the War Department, and carried out by officers and men." As the need became greater, the work of the whole Commission broadened until it lost its primary object to the public. Yet to secure preventive measures was one of its greatest and hardest tasks, for the Government had eyes and saw not.

Some of the earliest work of the Commission was the inspection of several camps near Washington in which the inspectors found inefficient drains and police duty, over crowded

tents, offensive sinks, personal uncleanliness, poor and filthy clothing, badly cooked food, and a poor selection of food. By persistent efforts some of these conditions were remedied.

Now arose the question of finance. Sufficient funds were not at hand. As the commission was without government financial support it was also independent of government control; so it made its first appeal to life insurance companies which responded promptly and generously. As the work broadened and became better known, railroad, telegraph and express companies gave their services freely and with the generosity of the people at large bounteous contributions had been made by May 1, 1866. Of the seven million dollars received, over one-fifth of the amount came from the Pacific coast, where enthusiasm ran high. At one time a contribution of \$100,000 from California saved the Commission financial embarrassment at a most critical time. In Nevada, a sack of flour sold to the highest bidder for \$5,000. The bidder became so enthusiastic that he traveled through all the western states selling and re-selling the sack of flour until he returned to the Commission treasury \$40,000—for one sack of flour. The various women's societies did a big work also. Their contributions in supplies amounting to \$15,000,000. At the women's convention in November, 1862, at Washington they resolved to send supplies "abundantly, persistently and methodically." Mabel Broadman says: "Bazaars of modern times sink into insignificance before the great sanitary fairs, that raised nearly three millions of dollars. To these every one poured out their gifts. The farmer brought his harvest; the manufacturer and the machinist the

product of the mills and shops; the artist or the artisan his handicraft. Every one gave and every one bought until there is no wonder that a single bazaar in New York City yielded a million of dollars."

The Commission needed every cent's worth of such loyal financial support. For when we consider the purpose of the Commission as defined by its officers: "A simple desire and resolute determination to secure for the men who have enlisted in this war that care which it is the duty of the nation to give them. That care is their right, and in the Government or out of it, it must be given them, let who will stand in the way"—we know that this purpose involved work so varied and so extensive that much money, and energy was necessary to carry it on.

Even so it is hard to give a brief account of its activities. One of its greatest works was helping to eradicate scurvy, which broke out among the troops after the battles of Murfreesboro and Vicksburg. The Government could not obtain potatoes. The Commission, through its "potato and onion circulars," to farmers forwarded to the armies an immense quantity of potatoes and green vegetables, and as a result many, many lives were saved. Vegetable gardens were established at Nashville, Knoxville, New Bern and Chattanooga, which were worked by contrabands and convalescents. Potatoes, lettuce, radishes, onions, beans, spinach, cucumbers, squashes, okra, cabbage, corn, melons, pumpkins, etc., were raised. The money value of truck at Chattanooga between April 15 and November 14, 1864 was \$66,375.14. Again when yellow fever prevailed at New Bern, in the town

and garrison, the Commission aided materially in cleaning up.

Another field of usefulness was the inspection of the hospitals and suggestions as to better equipment. Before the war there had been no general field hospitals—only tent hospitals the largest of which would accommodate forty beds. In July, 1861, the Commission suggested that well equipped general hospitals for fifteen thousand be built and arranged in the "Pavilion System" each ward of fifty beds in a separate building; that these be built under the direction of the Medical Department which would also arrange for transportation of sick and wounded and attend to the diet. This suggestion was carried out when Dr. Hammond became surgeon-general in April, 1862. After the battle of Fort Donelson in February, 1862, the Government could not transport sick and wounded to the hospitals on the Ohio. The Commission was ready with transports fitted out for the purpose. It is appalling to think what opposition the Commission met in such humanitarian labors. State governments—instead of cooperating—had ready transports for the use only of men of their own regiments. These floated idly at their docks, while thousands of wounded soldiers from other states could not be transported for lack of transports. As one historian puts it, the state's right in such a case becomes a nation's wrong. During the war, the Commission also operated thirty ambulance cars, the railroads conveying the cars free of charge.

The Relief System was divided into general and special relief. The general relief committee attended to the wants of inmates of general, field, and

regimental hospitals and of men in camps and on the march. The second committee cared for sick and needy in military depots, discharged men, paroled prisoners and irregulars. With each army were a medical inspector, relief agents, wagons, horses, transports if necessary and a supply depot at the base.

The battle of Antietam was the first great battle when the organization of the Commission could show what it was worth. There were ten thousand wounded on the North as well as many on the South. Chloroform, opiates and medical stores were supplied immediately when the Government could not obtain them.

A special relief service was organized by F. W. Knapp to care for men on their way to and from the front. In 1864 F. B. Fay organized the Auxiliary Relief Corps to care for wounded and sick sent to depot field hospitals, those found in rear of large armies and those left behind by an army in its onward march. This latter corps was probably the first to adopt the insignia of the Geneva cross, not in color, but in form, cut in a silver badge.

Other work of vast importance was accomplished by the Commission; in fact the fields of its activities are limitless. Medical tracts, on subjects relating to army life, prepared by experts, were distributed to army surgeons. A Hospital Directory was established with headquarters at Washington, which did much valuable work in locating soldiers. The free pension and war claim agency did a great work also. Valuable statistics were pub-

lished in pamphlet form, embracing effects on soldiers of marches, the rate of recruiting required for the losses of war, measurements of soldiers, number of sick in various regiments, causes of sickness, etc. Nurses and physicians were supplied in emergencies.

Mable T. Broadman, Chairman National Relief Board of the American Red Cross says: "The obstacles that the consequent delay because of Government reluctance to avail itself of the invaluable service offered it were a serious handicap. No better proof is required than this of the need for a permanent and trained Red Cross organization, which, having received governmental authority beforehand, is constantly in touch with the departments that in war would require its assistance. It is then possible for its duties to be carefully studied out and regulated by both government and association officers when not under the stress and pressure of war. In the organization of our American Red Cross the surgeon generals of the army and navy are, respectfully, chairman and vice-chairman of the War Relief Board. It would therefore be impossible for the situation that confronted volunteer assistance at the outbreak of the Civil War to arise again."

The success of the Sanitary Commission was due "to the influence of popular ideas, American civilization and thorough organization." How much more ought our Red Cross of today accomplish with the American Government at its back! The historian of the future will have much to record.

Catch Step

MARGARET H. GEORGE, '18, CORNELIAN

While you cram English parallel reading or borrow a three months old magazine for Sunday afternoon are you closing your eyes to the great events happening across the sea,—events which have had from the beginning the appeal of a mighty drama of life and death but which now have a very intimate and personal appeal because in the drama, the actors are now our brothers and friends.

When these men come back, we must be able to speak their language and think in their terms and if they never come back and we are called upon to fill their places, we can do it well in proportion as we have lived thru this great crisis with them and thought the thoughts of the world mind while the world was thinking them! To do this we must read what is being written of the war and warring nations.

One of the books which has a note of optimism well borne out by clear analysis and sound philosophy woven thru its very interesting story is *Ordeal by Fire*, by a Sergeant in the French Army, Marcel Berger (Translation by Mrs. Cecil Curtis). The book is simply written, giving the self revelation of the typical young Parisian, awokened from his cynical, atheistic, selfish philosophy by the thunderbolt of August 2nd. He tells how the petty discomforts loomed large, how as sergeant, he shifted many responsibilities, how he nearly turned coward, and how at last the bare reality of things woke him to his real self so that his

scepticism and selfish complacency dropped from him.

Finally, facing grim facts of life and death, many of the fundamental things of life revealed themselves. We find his attitude toward women vastly changed, with his other ideals and when he was finally invalided home where Jeannine was waiting for him, though he was permanently broken in body, he was covered with glory and in the "Ordeal by fire" his soul was made whole.

Sainte Seductre; an inner view of the Boche at bay, by Exile X, is a drama of forceful style tho its revelations are scarcely novel enough to gain much interest at this period of the war.—It is the story of a little Belgian girl, who escaping from the degrading environment of her childhood, is caught by the German Spy system and used against her own people.

In eight dramatic dialogues the terrible monotony of the exile camps, the terrors of the German barbarism and the indomitable spirit of her oppressed people are portrayed with a force and reality heretofore unattained in writings on the war. The final scene is the most novel feature of the book.—A group of generals have met to discuss the best measures in the face of the apparent failure of the past Tutonic tactics and the leader utters the significant words which may serve as a warning against the underhand methods of a national mind filled with insidious poison:

" You will believe when you see how the world accepts, swallows whole, our magnificent new order. We are going to build a new weapon,—and build it in a new name. The old was christened in the name of God. It failed. But the new shall be dedicated in the name of man; that is, man's pet names—Liberty, Equality, Friendship, and Peace. We shall forge a newer thunderbolt, *and it shall never fail* "

Towards the Goal, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, with a preface by Theodore Roosevelt is a book to arrest one by the broadness of its scope. While Mrs. Ward's former book, *England's Effort*, discussed only the English interests, the later work reveals the growth of the Allied power along the entire western front and outlines the difficulties which they have met. This is one of the most successful war books and as Mr. Roosevelt says, "is written nobly on a noble theme."

The Fighting Men, by Alden Brooks, is a collection of stories which, though purely fictional, seem strangely true. The author has observed closely and

understandingly, the many types which he gives us in the collection, and we find in *The Parisian*, *The Belgian*. *The Prussian*, *The Three Slavs*, *The Man from America* and all the others, vivid, graphic pictures of the various personalities of the nations whose common triumph or ruin is so closely bound up in the outcome of the struggle. The author of this little book has been a war correspondent, an American ambulance driver, and is now an officer in the French artillery.

For France and the Faith, by Alfred Eugene Casilis (Translated by W. E. Bristol) is another of the strangely intimate books of which the war is producing many. It is composed of fragments of lettes written from barrack room and trench by a young French soldier and show as do all the war books, a seeking after fundamentals and a renewed faith in ideals. Every page of the book reflects the spirit of the consecrated youth of France, their courage, patriotism and large vision of duty.

Locals

WOMAN IS MORE EQUAL THAN THE MERE MALE

Students of State Normal College
Favored "Spoils System" in Politics

HAVE ELECTED PRESIDENT

From The Greensboro Daily News.

The students of the State Normal College carried out their plans of showing their pleasure in the action of the Congress during the past week, to as large extent as the weather would permit. One of the students yesterday spoke of the celebration. "In order to let the representatives from this state know just where a great number of the college bred women of the state stood on the suffrage question, the students of the Normal sent petitions to the representatives of the 10 districts, urging them to vote for the amendment," said this young lady.

"It was with great joy that we learned Thursday night that the house had really passed the resolution. Even though it will have to be passed upon by the senate and three-fourths of the states, we did not feel that a little thing like that should dampen our enthusiasm. We felt that it was only fitting and proper that the first woman president should come from the State Normal of North Carolina. Accordingly at a very spirited mass meeting, Miss Eliza Collins was unanimously elected to that position. We appoint-

ed 5 o'clock as the hour for her inaugural address.

"As the hour drew near much interest and excitement were evident. Great throngs gathered along College avenue to see the president descend from 'Uncle William's cart' and enter the Students' building. Amid great applause and shouting, the president sedately swept to her place on the platform surrounded by her valiant bodyguard. In her wake came the members of the cabinet and the political chiefs.

"After removing her overshoes and stimulating herself with grape juice, our beloved president delivered a most inspiring address. She contended that man and woman were created equal, with woman a little more equal.' At this point a voice from the people was heard protesting and declaring that this 'action has been taken behind closed doors.' A riot nearly ensued. The voice was drowned out by the shouts of the people.

"Campaign Manager Lineberger then stated very concisely the planks in the president's platform, some of which were like unto boards, they were so broad and comprehensive. Probably the most important plank was 'infirmary pills for the Germans.'

"The members of the cabinet, no longer the 'kitchen cabinet,' were then heard from. Quite a few applications for jobs had come in. The private secretary read the list of appointments. The 'spoils system' was employed."

The supper bell broke up the meeting.

RECITAL BY MISS BIVINS

On the evening of January 5th, the members of the Cornelian Society were given a rare treat by one of the new faculty members, Miss Alice E. Bivins of the Music Department. Miss Bivins accompanied by Miss Nelle Bishop gave a recital in which her interesting as well as beautiful repertoire presented as usual music of various types. Miss Bivins charmed her audience, not only by the beauty and dramatic quality of her voice but by the perfect shading and interpretation of the varied members which she sang.

First were two east Indian songs, by Amy Woodforde Finden;— *A Hash-miri Song*, a lovely passionate, characteristically eastern composition as to music and words and *Less Than the Dust*, the dramatic cry of the eastern woman from her degraded state. Then came three negro melodies, and Miss Bivins seemed equally at home in singing *My Lady Chloe*, by Clough Leighter, *The Banjo Song*, by Sidney Homer and *Since You Went Away*, in their soft caressing Southern dialect, as with those of the newer school. One of the most interesting of the numbers which followed was *War*, by Rogers, written during 1917, apropos of the present struggle, and strangely suggestive in words, music and rendition

of the suppressed yet intense emotion accompanying the crises of today.

MISS WINFIELD WITH ADELPHIANS

The Adelphian Literary program was on January 5th, a delightful break in the monotony of amateur dramatic productions. Miss Winfield, who is an authority on the subject, gave a most interesting survey of the *New Poetry*, illustrating her discussion with readings from Amy Lowell, Louis Untermier, Charles Hanson Towne, Carl Sandbury. "English literature" says Miss Winfield "is not merely a thing of the past, but it is of the present and future. It is a living thing carrying noble and imperishable traditions." At present, much of it is in *Vers Libre*, which has no fixed metre, but has its basis in cadence. It is not "new," as many surface critics have dubbed it, but very old; for examples of perfect free verse may be found in the Psalms, in Chaucer and in Dryden. Among the poems read, perhaps the most gripping were "*The Young Ambulance Driver*," by Charles Hanson Towne; "*Working Girls*;" "*Pavlowa*," in which the great dancer is masterfully portrayed, and a prayer by Untermier voicing the new spirit of unrest, doubt, and constant seeking after truth, which is characteristic of the makers of the modern English literature.

Exchange Department

We welcome among our exchanges the *Aurora*, from Agness Scott College. The poem *The Waste of It* is particularly strong. The little Chinese incident, "The Pilgrim" is unusual in style and content and we should be glad to see others of its nature in college magazines. The stories in this number are weak in organization and treatment though the theme of *In Payment* could have been handled in such a way as to make it a splendid short story.

The January *Emory Phoenix* is a disappointing representation of University work and thought. The whole issue is made up of articles whose trite, worn out themes are not worth the trouble their authors gave them. The sentimental mush of the love stories, *Death of Love*, would shame a high school freshman. The poems, if they may be classed as such on the whole are too sentimental. There is however one which redeems the rest, *An Entreaty*, which we found and read with delight even though it was stuck away over in the back of the number. We fear that the students are somewhat out of touch with world affairs, for we find but one apologetic little essay on a war subject, and its theme was long ago worn thread bare.

The December number of the *Tatler* is most satisfying. Every contribution leaves one with the warm glow of "just rightness." We were particularly delighted with *Music That Hath No Charms* and *The Blue Vase*, whose novelty of plot and perfection of technique are really remarkable. On

Conferring the Degrees at Oxford, is charmingly written and the little essay, *On Education* could hardly be improved. While the poems are good, they are not up to the standard set by the prose articles; the vers libre in its evident striving after the new becomes rather vague.

In marked contrast with the charming December number, the January *Tatler* rather disappointed us. *Stratford-On-Avon* seems to be the one really good article in the issue. *Trails to Follow* is disappointing in the final moral analogy which seems tacked on to a really charming sketch. The contrast between *Which* and the former stories of this year's *Tatler* is very disappointing. The essays *On Reading* and *On Early Rising* savor of Freshman English.

The Wellesley College Magazine, of December was even more delightful this month than the preceding issues. The stories *The Child and Told in the North Country* are so well conceived and worked out in background, plot and detail that there is little left to be desired. The poem, *Dryad, Little Brother*, is very lovely in its delicate fantasy and *The Holy Grail* is beautiful, but the poem, arresting in thought and expression and exquisitely sensuous in every line is *The Pagan*.

Among those publications received are *The Pine and Thistle*, *The Wake Forest Magazine*, *The College of Charleston Magazine*, *The Focus*, *The Princess*, *The Gaqueena*, *The Acorn*, *St. Mary's Muse*, *The College Message*, *The Davidson College Magazine*, and *The Chimes*.



Normal Specials

New girl (looking at Statue of Minerva): "I wonder if that was the president of the Class of 1907."

Freshman (interested in Senior studying Economics): You had better know "*Horse watering*"—I heard 'em say that was important," (Did she mean *Stock watering*?)

New Freshman President.—"Next thing in order is *unfurnished business*."

Girl leaving Infirmary meets friend: "I am so glad that you are able to leave the auditorium."

E. D. in Sophomore chemistry wishes to know on what shelf in the laboratory the bottle of H₂O is found.

In Kirkland Hall "No ADD." is not a badly spelled abbreviation of "no admittance," but a mild hint to please subtract yourself.

Miss R. (to Senior dancers) "Feet on hips—Place!"

EXTRACTS FROM EXAMINATION PAPERS

"The mind is not fresh after eating."

"The climate is composed of different kinds of acids."

"When muddy water stands it makes a settlement."

"The Greenland icesheet is a solid mass of ice and is traveled by sleds driven by dogs and by motor cars."

"The Isthmus of Panama connects the Arctic and Atlantic Ocean."

"The metric system is a revolution in religion, politics, science and commercial affairs."

"'Local Color' is color right near you."

"Benjamin Franklin came to this country from the old world, landing with two loaves of bread and a few pieces of clothing in his pocket. He invented the printing press and was later President of the U. S."

"Virgil was born 90 B. C.; died 19 A. D., in prime of life and for that reason did not complete his works."

"The waves prove that the ocean bottom is irregular."

"Ich hatte einen Hundens Pastite fur meiner dinner."

STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

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